

Good Morning 310

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Seas Must see some

Strange Craft To-day

WHEN the convoys pass at sea, hard-case skippers who have been on salt water half a century rub their eyes and remember that those who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep.

There are vessels sailing to-day that look like a drunken sailor's nightmare. There are ships that have been torpedoed and sunk, and then dragged up bodily, cleaned of festoons of weeds, refitted and sent to sea again. There are ships half of which have been sunk.

Captain Smaill, an old acquaintance, has twice had his ship actually cut in half, the fore part sinking; each time he has navigated the stern back to port, had it repaired, and gone to sea in the composite remainder.

To-day you see wooden steamers, electrically-driven cargo boats, concrete ships, ships built by bridge-builders from parts made in distant inland factories, ships in which curves have been replaced by straight lines to speed manufacture, ships shaped like eggs, ships less than 100 feet long impudently crossing the Atlantic under their own power, naval vessels with sails, floating cranes hundreds of miles out to sea.

One of the men responsible for Shocks for Skippers is Henry Kaiser, one-time professional photographer who got into big business because his intended father-in-law would not say "Yes" until suitor Henry could prove that he made 125 dollars a month in a safer profession than photography. Now Henry sometimes launches eleven 10,000-ton ships in a single day, and Mrs. Kaiser can hardly break champagne bottles fast enough on their prefabricated bows.

The strange shapes of some such ships (at least, to an old seaman's eye) can be understood when you know that they begin life in huge lofts; some parts are too big to be handled and have to be cut in four by acetylene torches before they can be carried to the shipyards and fitted. This may sound contradictory; but men working on a hull crowd each other out, and it saves weeks to build parts elsewhere in spacious quarters.

WHEN an early Kaiser tanker fell in two just after being launched, old-fashioned shipbuilders and sailors said, "I told you so!" The two halves were floated back to the yard and welded together for relaunching. Materials and processes were improved. The critics are silenced.

One ocean shocker is the "unsinkable" ship. Her design, giving capacity for about 4,300 tons deadweight, consists of two great cylinders, each divided into several holds. The principle was known long ago, and published in various countries. Certainly this war offers a test for anything that calls itself unsinkable.

Concrete vessels, usually oil-burners, are said to keep their holds absolutely dry, which is important with special cargoes. The saving of steel in their construction amounts to about 70 per cent.; a new class of labour can build them, which is useful nowadays; but their appearance makes some sailors shudder.

Wooden vessels—even wooden tankers—are built faster than steel-plate ships, especially now plastics and laminated woods can be used for some parts. Again, steel is saved for such uses as tank and gun construction. But their appearance is sometimes startling.

Captain Craig Thomson commands one of the queerest vessels I have seen—a 300-ton crane ship, shaped like an egg, never meant for anything but coastal waters, and

Says Commodore G. Pursey Phillips

submarine, training its gun; and the U-boat crash-dived in such a hurry that a gunner was swept off its deck into the sea.

Some of the lovely liners that I used to pass at sea before the war are startling in appearance now. Most of their cabins have been removed, and the rest have berths from floor to ceiling. These berths, and other war-time fittings, have been put in with wooden wedges, so that the ship can be converted to peace-time use again without damaging nail-marks, at the blow of a hammer. Some of these liners are carrying five times their peace-time quota. Others are converted to armed merchant ships and carry 6in. guns. The paint and the bands and the palm-shaded ballrooms are gone; to-day they are very grim and formidable.

The first post-war fast British cargo-ships are now at sea, and they give a seaman's eye grateful relief from war-time ocean freaks.

Among the largest cargo-vessels in the world, they have a speed of well over 15 knots. They can carry loco-

convoy have been met with a sweeping blast of fire from their dogged iron lips.

Since the beginning of the war the Admiralty have built a number of 60-foot boats known as "motor fishing vessels." They may live up to their name after the war, but at present they often fish for queer quarry. Many have made voyages of over 2,000 miles, much of the way under sail. They have crossed the Bay of Biscay in full gales, sometimes with decks awash and one side under water. Carrying stores, troops, mail, messages, pilots, and so on, these tiny naval "maids of all work" are a strange sight in mid-ocean!

So are some of the smaller minesweepers, one at least of which has made a 16,000-mile deep-sea voyage for a special purpose.

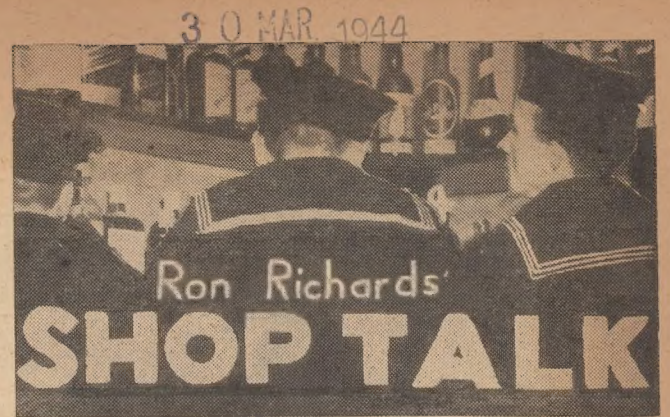
As one goes about the war-time seas one meets gaudy pleasure boats changed into armed patrol vessels and doing escort work far out at sea; paddle-steamers from the Isle of Wight run boldly flaunt the minesweeper's black balls in the sunny Mediterranean under Roman temple shadows; dirty old Thames swim-barges work as fire-floats way down on the East African coast; bustling little ferry steamers slave as floating cranes, fishing vessels deliver aircraft shells to blast the Japs, bumboats cross oceans unescorted and defy submarines, mines, bombers, typhoons, uncharted currents in enemy-wrecked harbours, and all the hazards of the seven seas.

Ex-pleasure yachts, lovely and slender and fast, are working now refuelling Allied submarines far away in enemy waters, and taking spare parts that save undersea craft from a long voyage home to refit, after damage. The yachts are camouflaged and otherwise disguised, and some of them look strange enough nowadays.

Tugs that never in pre-war days left harbour shelter except in perfect weather now adventure hundreds of miles out in storms and drag home thousands of tons of stricken shipping. The tug "Superman," for instance, has made over 100 convoys without losing one of the damaged ships she set out in all weathers to rescue. Once she brought four ships to safety in five days. Her skipper, Captain Ernest Jones, was a Bristol Channel tugmaster; but nowadays you may meet him chugging along on a rescue trip anywhere between Greenland and Cape Verde.

He is a veteran, but there are still older sailors afloat who have come back to the war-time seas from all sorts of anchorages ashore. Admiral Sir Herbert Meade-Fetherstonehaugh, Jutland veteran, retired in 1936, is now serving as a lieutenant; with a boatswain who was formerly an artillery colonel, he brought one queer 100-foot craft from America to England unescorted recently. Another ex-colonel is serving as an A.B. ferrying over such special craft.

Yes, you meet some strange sailors aboard amazing vessels nowadays, and, one and all, they are turning their bows towards final victory.



LIEUT. - COMMANDER LENNOX WILLIAM NAPIER has the platform to-day to tell of his submarine, "Rorqual."

"We were halfway back to Britain for refit when orders came to go back and load up with stores for Leris."

"We took on board a whole battery of light anti-aircraft guns, and lashed them on top of the submarine, together with a Jeep from which the engine and gears had been removed."

"Unloading had to be carried out in darkness, using a bomb-damaged crane, which exuded sparks in unpleasantly close proximity to our load of petrol."

WHEN things were fairly bad in Malta and petrol was required above everything else, a big load of four-gallon tins was lashed to the mine casing on the deck of this mine-laying submarine.

Sea pressure as the result of diving, however, caused the tins to burst. A second dive was difficult, because of the buoyancy of the empty drums.

This was the first time that stores were taken to Malta by submarine. Later the difficulties were overcome.

"Often," said the Commander, "we carried as many as 25 or 30 passengers to the Island from Alexandria. We had to take out our torpedoes and stow our passengers like sardines in their place. One soldier complained that during the voyage the rats had eaten the tops off his Army boots."

"RORQUAL" has laid some 1,300 mines since the war started. Once, a tremendous noise, which the crew thought to be a depth charge, turned out to be their mines, which, failing to make a clearance, were running from one end of the ship to the other in the casing.

She has scored several successes against enemy shipping, and has carried out coastal bombardments.

NOT the least popular feature of Sunday's "Graphic" newspaper is signed LT. A. C. G. MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C. Telling the story of his former boat, H.M. Submarine "Unbroken," the Lieutenant, in relating training and other episodes, passes from his own shoulders to those of his officers and

men all the credit of the admirable successes.

For instance, asked whether or not he could hit a train travelling at night along the Italian shore, the captain said, "Knowing something of Fenton's gunnery, I said 'Yes.'"

He described Fenton thus: "Fenton was 'Unbroken's' gunlayer. Shortish, stocky, quiet, he ranked as an Able Seaman. He had been in the Navy for a short while before the war, and joined 'Unbroken' when she was first commissioned."

"Our single three-inch gun was his pride. He was mentioned in dispatches for his shooting with it on this guerrilla trip."

Lieut. Mars has an easy-to-read style that goes straight to the point. Revelling in his numerous accounts of actions, I find it difficult to appreciate the modesty of the grand crew of "Unbroken" whom I met at Amersham.

FROM patrol report of a submarine commanded by Lieut. M. H. Jupp, D.S.C., R.N., I take this extract:—

"A cheerful spirit prevails, as always, in spite of the difficulty of finding a target at which to fire torpedoes. Thanks for this cheerfulness are due in good measure to 'Good Morning,' and partly to our own paper, produced since the first patrol, in which the exploits of Semo of the 'Syrtillus' vie with those of Nemo, captain of the no less amazing 'Nautilus.'"

Thank you, sir, for thanking us. We would appreciate a more detailed criticism.

TYPICALLY naval production is "Victory Magazine," which, incidentally, is doing good work outside the usual province of such publications.

It is directed and edited by Leading Seaman C. F. Price and Mr. C. T. Lee, commissioned schoolmaster, and is published at the R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth.

Produced first in April last, it has attained a circulation of 3,000 a month, and is read with interest by naval men in the district and elsewhere.

Already it has raised £150 for the R.N. and R.M. Day Nursery, Kingston Crescent, and has also sent donations to the Red Cross and Prisoners of War Fund.

Crew of "Unbroken" Ron Richards



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

He was a Piebald Corpse

I THEN joined Trujillo. Every morning the President turned up at his office at seven-thirty, worked all day, and went in the evening to visit Maria Martinez, formerly a typist in the land court, but now proprietress of a profitable steam laundry. On these occasions Trujillo drove in his armoured Packard, with a colonel, a major, a captain, and a second lieutenant who acted as driver. A covey of captains and lieutenants followed in another car. They all waited discreetly in the fort, about a block distant, until Trujillo was ready to return to his palace, at ten-fifteen sharp.

At half-past eleven punctually he retired to his presidential bunk, which was the signal for Major Menendez, Captains Cyprian and Vidal, and myself to grab a staff car and set out on a round of cabarets and road-houses. It was a gay life, but I became discontented, for I seemed to be getting nowhere. My job was farther off than ever.

At the beginning of April Trujillo sent me fifty dollars and told me to accompany him on a perambulation of the northern district of the republic. He was going to give the country people a broad hint that the old-fashioned machete revolution was now obsolete; so he took along a battalion of soldiers, armed with the latest weapons. More than a hundred cars tailed along behind the President, carrying staff, politicians, and other big-wigs. I trudged along in a Ford.

We stopped at country schools on the way, while the children marched past singing and saluting. It was a pleasure to watch some of the scallywags in the President's entourage pulling saintly faces and patting the youngsters on the head, and to hear the most pious advice from old politicians as crooked as a ram's horn.

Trujillo inspected the police, the hospitals, the customs, and everything and everybody else which deserved, or expected, inspection. Everywhere he went he was peeling off notes from twenty-five to a hundred dollars' denomination, and pressing them into the reluctant palms stretched under his nose. Not one official was forgotten. They did not give him a chance. Senora Trujillo told me that before we had been a month on the road the President had handed out 14,000 dollars.

a crafty and experienced guerrilla fighter, was sent to bring him in. He marched into the bush with Lieutenant Ludovina Fernandez and fifty soldiers, and they skirmished about until they heard a dog barking up on a hill. Cyprian said, "That's where we'll find Arias."

Leaving Fernandez with twenty-five soldiers to guard one side of the hill, Cyprian crept round with the rest of his force to cut off the retreat on the other side. The outlaws were taken by surprise and had no chance to

would have prevented it. Lieutenant Fernandez hacked off the dead man's head and put it in a macuto, or native basket, which he carried back to Santiago, as proof that the job had been done.

Trujillo had a soft spot for Arias, and would have let him off lightly if they had brought him in alive. Captain Vidal told me that when Fernandez lifted the head from the basket and held it up the President flew into a violent rage. He ordered Fernandez to go back for the body, so that it could be given decent burial.

It was dark when they returned to the scene of the fight and they could not find the general's body. Perhaps they did not look very hard, for the place was lonely, and most Dominican soldiers have enough negro blood to make them superstitious. Fairly callous though they are in sunlight, their attitude towards corpses changes after dark. So they chopped the head away from another dead outlaw and carried the body back to Santiago. There, by the light of candles, they fitted the stiff corpse to the head of Arias, threw a sheet over it, and cleared out.

Then Jose Brache was reported to be a political enemy of the President, and troops were sent to bring him in. He was shot somewhere near La Vega, being a fugitive from justice. Captain Ludovina Fernandez was in charge of that expedition, so nobody was much surprised. Brache was the uncle of two important diplomats now stationed in European capitals. Trujillo is well satisfied to keep them there. He is fully aware of the advantage of keeping men of strong character to represent the republic in foreign parts. The farther the better.

But Trujillo's temper became more and more uncertain, and he kept putting me off about my job—and not giving me much money. He could be vindictive. Years before, when he was second lieutenant, he was barred from a club in Bani by its president, Senor Castillo. He never forgot that snub. Castillo was still president when the club gave a baile, or dance, in honour of Trujillo. A ballot was held to choose a girl who would be in attendance on the President of the republic for the evening.

Trujillo arranged for the

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

PART XIX

Then the circus moved on to Dagabon, on the Haitian frontier, where Trujillo made speeches about mutual amity and goodwill, and listened to orations from dusky Haitian statesmen in praise of goodwill and mutual amity. A feast and a dance followed.

One morning we went out before breakfast and met General Desiderio Arias and four of his followers, all with big revolvers strapped to their waists. Being a senator, Arias had come in from his ranch at Mao to pay his respects to Trujillo. We chatted for a while, and then went in to breakfast. Vidal remarked to me that it was foolish of Arias to call on the President armed and with armed followers. It smelled of the bad old days, and would annoy Trujillo.

"If I catch him alone," he said, "I'll give him a friendly tip to leave his guns behind."

At breakfast we met a little negro lieutenant who was in charge of the soldiers at Mao, and on familiar terms with Arias. Vidal asked him to convey a hint to Arias that it would look bad to visit the President with an armed guard.

The lieutenant got drunk in the club at Mao, went up to Arias, and said that Vidal had threatened to kill him if he came near the President with an armed bodyguard. Arias believed this, got scared, and retired to his ranch, where he began to muster his followers. He refused to come to Trujillo, even when summoned. News reached Monte Christi that Arias had taken to the hills with many armed followers.

A proclamation was issued, pronouncing Arias "A fuera de la ley, fugo de la justicia, y bandido." His property was declared forfeit.

Spies reported the outlaw to be camping on a hill near Mao, and Captain Cyprian, noted as

put up much of a fight, particularly against trained soldiers armed with superior weapons. Several were shot down dodging from tree-trunk to tree-trunk in their efforts to escape.

Arias himself was badly wounded. His friend, Salomon Abad, a rich Syrian merchant, tried to drag him to safety. Abad was wounded in his turn, but made a run for it and got away.



"I'm takin' no chances! Last winter I caught one cold after another!"

As the Government troops closed in on him Arias cried pitifully, "Take me to the chief!"

But a little negro sergeant named Durant retorted, "If we take you to the chief he'll only pardon you, and we'll have to chase you through the bush next time you break out." And he emptied his automatic rifle into Arias where he lay on the ground.

Cyprian was not present at this killing, as he was coming up by a roundabout trail. Had he been in time I think he

JANE



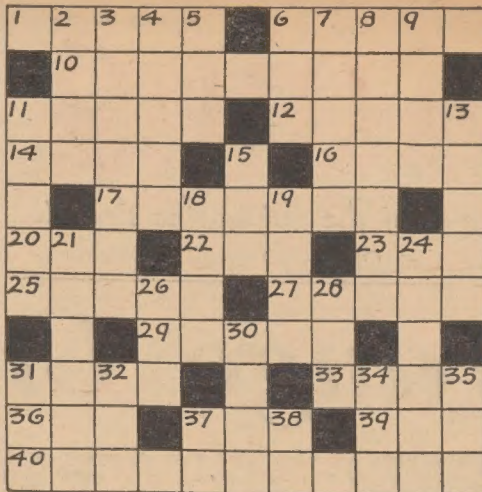
MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

My first's in ORISSA, not CAWNPORE,
My second's in KASHMIR, not LAHORE,
My third is in BOMBAY, not BENGAL,
My fourth is in BURMA, not NEPAL,
My fifth is in LUCKNOW, not MYSORE,
My last is in PATNA and TRAVANCORE.

(Solution on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Ray of light.
- 6 Big match.
- 10 Pride.
- 11 Boy's name.
- 12 Daughters.
- 14 Front of boat.
- 16 Twaddle.
- 17 Disentangle.
- 20 Rocky hill.
- 22 Survey.
- 23 Money.
- 25 Air of distinction.
- 27 Emerge.
- 29 Muddle.
- 31 Girl's name.
- 33 Carriage.
- 36 Reverential fear.
- 37 Chess pieces.
- 39 Confection.
- 40 Heavy desk object.

ELOPES PLAY
LOUR OCEAN
MUTE ALPINE
SECURE RUM
MERIT ADDLE
O SERVE R
OFTEN ESSAY
SAW SIDING
ELICIT SOAP
STALE TOTE
ZEST MUSKET

CLUES DOWN.

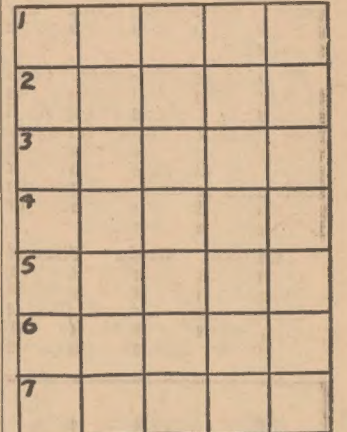
- 2 Locks.
- 3 Arsenal.
- 4 Lour.
- 5 Weight.
- 6 Tire.
- 7 Join.
- 8 Volutes.
- 9 Fish.
- 11 Gaiters.
- 13 Screen.
- 15 Bird.
- 18 Part of oboe.
- 19 Face protection.
- 21 Ontario town.
- 24 Shrub.
- 26 Ballad.
- 28 Collection.
- 30 Hauled.
- 31 Chart.
- 32 Corded stuff.
- 34 Equip.
- 35 Fondle.
- 37 Male title.
- 38 Compass point.

WANGLING WORDS—265

1. Put a horse in TERA and make an author.
2. Rearrange the letters of RELEASE IRON and make a British possession (two words).
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOIL into NECK, NAIL into TACK, THINK into BRAIN, SLOOP into POOLS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ACCIDENTAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 264

1. SurgeON.
2. BOHEMIAN GIRL.
3. ATOM, ATOP, STOP, SLOP, SLOT, SOOT, MOOT, MOST, MAST, MART, MARE, MIRE, MITE, LORD, FORD, FOND, BOND, BIND, KIND, KING, LONG, LONE, DONE, DOSE, DOST, LOST, LAST, GRAY, BRAY, BRAT, BOAT, BOOT, BLOT, SLOT, SLUT, GLUT, GLUE, BLUE.
4. Dune, Nude, Rude, Rend, Rest, Stun, Star, Stag, Ring, Sing, Sang, Sung, Tang, Gnat, Dare, Read, Dire, Ride, Sire, Rise, Rite, Gist, etc. Under, -Stand, Sting, Stain, Saint, Satin, Trend, Trade, Stare, Stung, Great, Grunt, Edits, Tried, Stern, etc.



When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find that the centre column down gives you the capital of an Eastern country which sprang into fame overnight:—

- 1, Instrument for measuring consumption of gas, etc.
- 2, Derides.
- 3, The upper air.
- 4, Girl's name.
- 5, Female horses.
- 6, Narrate.
- 7, Joint on which a door swings.

QUIZ for today

1. "Man has the largest brain of any animal." Is this true?
2. What was the earliest metal ever used by man?
3. What is the difference between an antiseptic and a disinfectant?
4. Which is the oldest republic in the world?
5. An alienist is—a foreigner, a musical director, a doctor who specialises in treating madness?
6. Which stings you, the male or female mosquito?
7. What is the difference between red and white wine?
8. A person lying on his back is prone or supine?
9. A cicatrice is—a kind of jewel, a mythological animal, a scar?
10. What is the penultimate second of a minute?

Answers to Quiz in No. 309

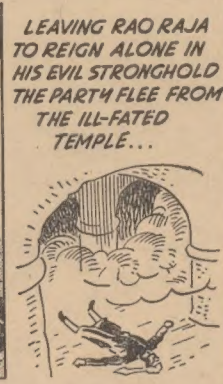
1. A cow rises hind legs first, and a horse forefeet.
2. A calender is a press for smoothing cloth; a colander is a kind of sieve.
3. Muddy ("khak" is Urdu for "earth").
4. A pair of scissors.
5. "Deciduous" means shedding leaves in the winter.
6. The female cricket does not chirp—only the male.
7. Cashmere is made of Kashmiri goat's wool.
8. Bulls are colour-blind—they cannot distinguish red.
9. Yes—the newly born kangaroo is about an inch long.
10. A cemetery.



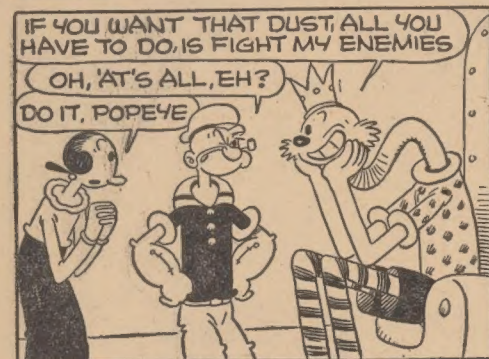
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy

By ODO DREW

THE BARLEYCORN REPORT.

OUR correspondent, John Barleycorn, who has been touring the country for well over six months, has now sent in his first report. It covers six months exactly.

As there was some confusion in his mind as to whether he was supposed to investigate the thinking or the drinking habits of the people, he deals with each month separately, under two headings—first, what people were drinking, and, secondly, what they were thinking, at the period under review.

Here is his report, which he has summarised.

First month: (1) Beer; (2) lots of things.

Second month: (1) Whisky (when available) and beer; (2) still lots of things.

Third month: (1) Whisky, gin and beer; (2) signs of mental confusion.

Fourth month: (1) Beer, spirits of any kind, British wines; (2) disinclination for any thinking.

Fifth and sixth months: (1) Anything; (2) nothing.

So far, the report has cost £728 in expenses, apart from J.B.'s wages.

He is now, apparently, dug in at the "Gun," Findon, West Sussex, having transferred himself rapidly, for some obscure reason, from East Anglia.

THE CASE OF AUNT FANNY.

AUNT FANNY, who has been doing "welfare work" amongst American troops in Scotland, is acquiring a dossier about her activities, so my friend, Chief Constable Dugal MacSpornan, tells me.

She has, I am informed, written (1) to the Secretary of State for Scotland, asking why Scotland does not rank *pari passu* (that smacks of Professor Carlyle) with Russia, the United States and China in the councils of the United Nations; (2) to the Prime Minister, asking if England ever apologised to the United States for driving the thirteen American Colonies into revolt during the reign of George III, and if not, why not; also (3) to General Eisenhower, asking if she may, in view of her services, be granted the position of C.M.B.A.E.F., or Chief Mother in Britain to the American Expeditionary Force.

She has sold out another £200 of Dunoon Three Per Cents, and is now badgering her relations for subscriptions for what she calls a "Nannies' Club," the idea being to establish a centre where our American friends can be "mothered" under ideal conditions.

Instead of providing youthful hostesses of attractive appearance, she wants nannies experienced in dealing with youngsters, for, she claims, all men, and in particular soldiers, are just big children who love most intensely the company and firm guidance of motherly types of women.

She is also writing a book to prove that the American Red Indian comes from the same stock as the Scottish Highlander, and that if the sale of spirits to them—the A.R.I.s—had not been prohibited in the late eighteenth century, they would have increased in numbers and culture, with the result that there would have been no need, in the nineteenth century, for the immigration of so many of the poorer types of European.

The main problems of the United States Government in the past, she avers, can be attributed to "the selfish, nationalistic policy of the autocratic oligarchy of the Southern part of Britain."

The old cow buffalo!

INJURY AND INSULT.

ALTHOUGH, or perhaps because, the Hun boasts of an infinitely higher culture than any other nation, he has no respect for the cultural objects of other peoples.

As Lauswitz wrote in his "Kultur and Manur": "Kill the cult of the kilt and you kill the Celt; banish bat and ball (the game of cricket) and you bust Britain."

Goering, of course, knows his Lauswitz, and that is why they have recently been dropping bombs intentionally on county cricket grounds.

Even if it is, as it may well be, a last desperate gamble, it shows that the German is no psychologist. If he were, he would know that nothing is more certain to arouse our usually placid souls to hatred and to revenge—though we may hold our lives as cheap as others—to attack the SPIRIT of our race is to ask for trouble.

Though ordinarily we may be content with an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, for every cricket ground damaged we must be paid a hundredfold. Every shattered cricket pitch is already another nail in Hitler's coffin.

As my old tutor used to say to me as he adjusted his I. Zingari tie: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." I agree entirely, and would add only "Tempus fugit," and that irrevocably. I am, I hope, a democrat, but I would never dare to face my numerous children if I felt that I had been found wanting by the Spirit of Lord's—that spirit which I have ever held before the eyes of those young children as a lamp to guide their paths.

No, we must once and for all teach the Vandals that there are some things that may not be done, not even by them.

Solution to Mediterranean Ports.
SMYRNA.

**Good
Morning**

This England

At the potter's "wheel." Skilful fingers shaping flower-pots as the clay rotates on the fast-revolving table. The job may look easy, but that is only because the potter is so clever at it.



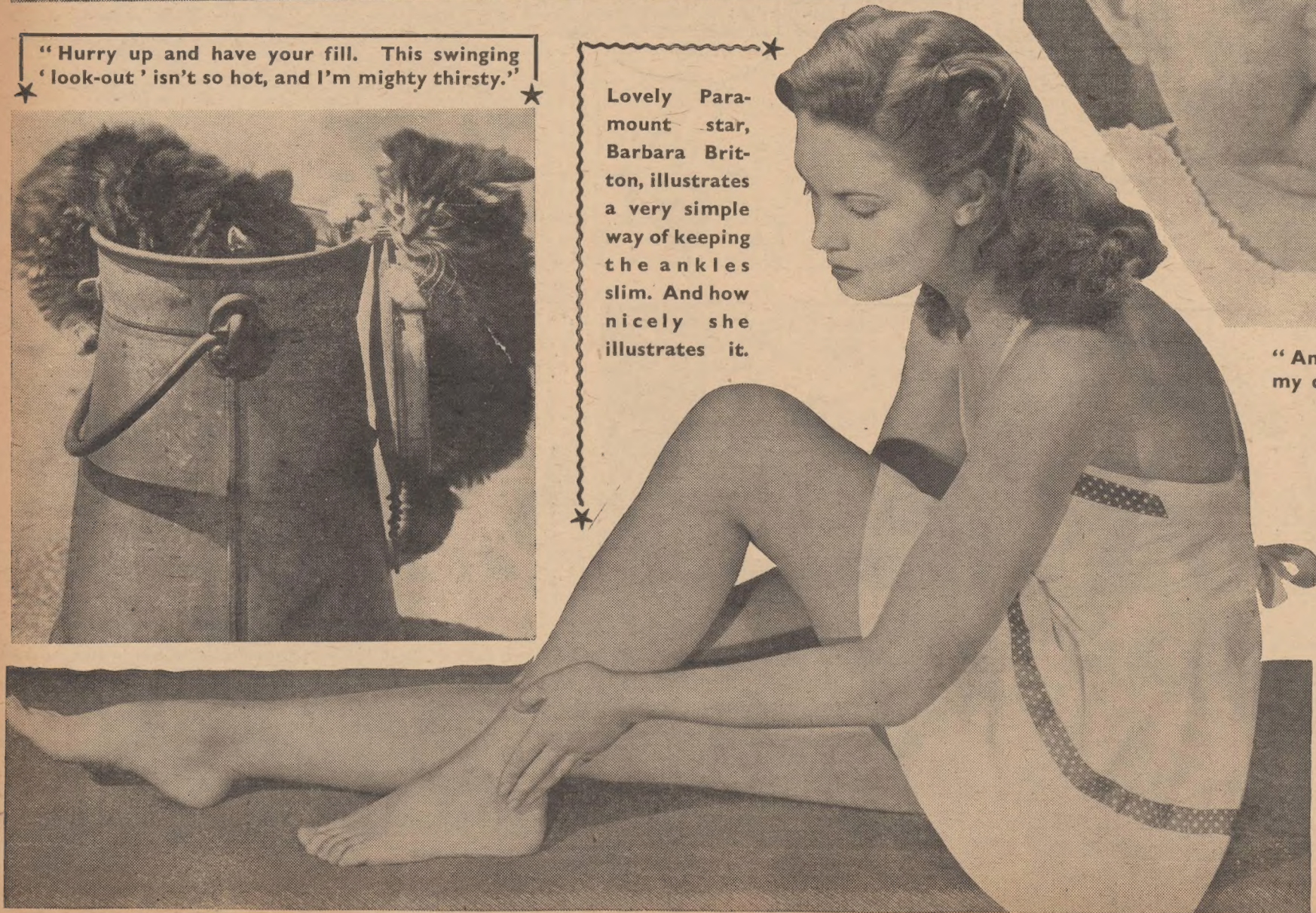
"WHAT WE CALL, FEELING SLIGHTLY
DOWN IN THE MOUTH"



"Hurry up and have your fill. This swinging
'look-out' isn't so hot, and I'm mighty thirsty."



Lovely Para-
mount star,
Barbara Brit-
ton, illustrates
a very simple
way of keeping
the ankles
slim. And how
nicely she
illustrates it.



"And they say I am just like
my daddy was when he was
my age."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I hate seeing a
woman doing a
man's job."

